JOHNSON

Children's Day will be observed next Sunday morning at the Cong'l church. O. B. Landon is building a new veranda at his residence on Railroad street,

Mrs. O. A. McFarland was in Montpelier last week to attend a Musical Festival. The Jeffersonville band furnished mu alc here Memorial Day.

Miss Flora Tuliper was home from Morrisville last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moiles have returned from a visit in Underhill.

Mrs. Mattie Baker passed last Saturday in Burlington.

Mrs. E. M. Green is ill from a throat trouble and under the care of a physician. Earl Holmes was home from the U. V. M. over Memorial Day.

Miss Georgia Bailey was home from her school in Cambridge the last of the

Miss Doris Denio gave her class in music a picule at the lower falls Saturday afternoon.

Miss Ruth Burnham, niece of Mrs. C. P. Jones and Mrs. O. B. Landon, visited

them recently. The S. of V. and Auxiliary presented a drama, 'A Noble Ou cast,' Friday evening to a \$100 house.

Prin. Morrill of Bakersfield Academy and Prin. Smith of Hardwick Academy were in town Memorial Day.

"The Colonel's Maid," a drama, was presented by members of J. H. S. at Jeffersonville Friday evening, May 30.

Miss Nina Culver of Richford visited her aunt, Mrs. E. H. Scott, last week, also Miss Elsie Taylor of Waterville.

The Commencement exercises of the Johnson High school will be held Friday evening, June 13, at the opera house.

The Baccalaureate sermon will be delivered by Rev. F. B. Hazen next Sunday evening, June 8, at the Congregational

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Sanders and Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Bassett and son returned to Barre the first of the week, after visiting Mrs. J. L. Pierce. Last Friday afternoon the Bakersfield

Academy base ball team played the J. H. S. on the Waterman grounds. The score was 5 to 4 in favor of B. A.

Mrs. Hattie Pearl, Miss Elliott, Miss Cooms and Miss Nichols went to Newport in J. D. Odell's auto Saturday, returning the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Welch and son, Maynard, of Hardwick returned home the first of the week, after visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCuin.

Mrs. Sarah Mansfield returned last week from Waterbury, Conn., where she left her daughter, Hilda, very comfortable and thought to be out of danger.

Sam Scribner returned Saturday to the State Hospital in Taunton, Mass. He has been taking a much needed rest and recuperating from an operation on his

throat. Bellows Free Academy played the J. H. S. team at Jeffersonville Saturday af. ternoon; score 16 to 4 in favor of B. F.A. This is the last scheduled game of the

The delegates from the local church to the Lumpille County Association to be held at North Hyde Park Wednesday, June 4, are Supt. Morris Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Deforest Collins and Miss Janie K Holmes.

Rev. C. A. Reney and family returned last week from Spring Valley, N. Y. While they were taking their vacation a new veranda was added to the front of the parsonage as a surprise by his parishioners.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Dr. Henry Andrew Folsom of this place to Miss Jessie Bertella Haves of East St. Johnsbury on Wednesday, June 11, at the Congregational church at East St. Johnsbury. They will be at home after Aug. 1st at Johnson.

Memorial Day exercises were held Friday afternoon in the opera house under the direction of the Sons of Veterans with J. D. Perkins in charge. Business closed at noon. The residences were decorated. The following program was given:-Prayer, Rev. G. M. Davis; reci_ tations, pupils of the graded school; duet, Misses Jones and Kempton; singing, male quartet, composed of D. B. Smalley, M. A. Wilson, Walbridge Fullington and Frank Ward. Hon. Norris Blake of Manchester, N. H., delivered the address, which was one of the best ever given here.

Firm Stand. "Have you decided what appointment you will ask for?" "No," replied the applicant for appointment, "but I took a firm stand and let the administration know that on its action depends my decision on the advisability of granting more than a single presidential term."-Washington Star.

Won't Stand for That.

Mrs. Fitzwell (socially inclined)-"My dear, I have picked out a husband for you." Her Daughter-"Very well; but I tell you emphatically that | hospital. when it comes to buying the wedding dress I'll select the material myself."



In Case of Accidents Cuts, Scalds, Burns, Sprains and Bruises, Insect or Mosquito Bites, APPLY FREELY

YOUR MONEY REFUNDED. If it fails to benefit you when the darrietly as directed on the hands wrapper. Try a buttle, Sonk by with the last.



Have Heat on Five Sides

of the Oven

BABY IN THE HOD?

> No baby in the Roller Bearing Coal Pan



1-4 more heat around oven means quicker work with less fuel.

HUB Ranges work in all drafts, because cur flue makes only 4 turns-others make 6-1-3 less turns means less friction and better bake

M. B. WHITE & CO., Morrisville, Vt.



Obvious. "Patrick, the widow of Mahoney tells me that you stole one of her fin-

est pigs. Is it correct?" "Yes, your riverence." "Oh, Patrick, Patrick! When you are brought face to face with the widow and the pig on the great judgment day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow ac-

cuses you of stealing?" "Did you say the pig would there, your riverence?"

"To be sure, I did." "Well, then, your riverence, I'd say

'Mrs. Mahoney, there's your pig.""

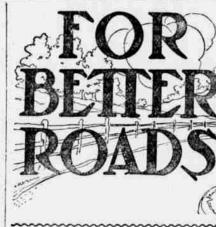
IN DARKEST AFRICA.

King Tappyochre-I shall keep these books to use them for a throne, Book Agent-Thanks your majesty. I've been trying to get royalty on my books for a long time!



Hoax-What happened when you discharged your cook? Joax-I can't remember. When I recovered consciousness I was in the

No Wonder! She was a very stout, jolly-looking voman, and she was standing at the corset counter, holding in her hand an article she was returning. Evidently her attention had been suddenly drawn to the legend printed on the label, for she was overheard to murmur: 'Made expressly for John Wanamaker.' Well, there! No wonder they didn't fit me!"



CURE FOR INDUSTRIAL EVILS

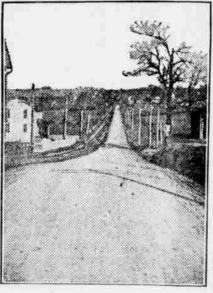
When Time and Labor Unnecessarily Consumed in Transporting Products There Is Big Waste.

If the public could be convinced that it is economy to begin with fundamentals the problem of progress in every line of social endeavor would be solved.

At present the sole remedy for many industrial evils lies in the betterment of roads.

Manifestly, when time is unnecessarily consumed and labor wasted in transportation of products to market there is a fundamental waste. One instance will serve as an illustration. A man loaded his wagon early one morning with a bale of cotton and a few bags of the loose product. He lived twenty-two miles from town. The roads in that section are better than the average, but it took him until nightfall to reach the selling point. He and his half-grown son, who accompanied him, spent the night in town, paying the expense of lodging. meals and keep for the team. The second day was spent in negotiations for the sale of the cotton and the purchasing of a few necessaries. They arrived on the third day late in the afternoon, having lost practically three days.

That farm was mortgaged. Everything made from year to year was paid out in interest and for a poor living for the family. There was not a dollar for improved labor-saving ma-



A Good Road in Ohio.

chinery, for additional fencing, or, in fact, anything that would enhance the value of the place.

If this farmer had raised small marketable crops-which he didn't-he could not afford the time or give up the use of his team to take them to the nearest point. A few sweet potatoes, cotton and corn were the sole him. products raised.

If his place had been mortgaged for the building of a pike or trolley there would be hope of paying out. | plucked. As conditions are, he gets poorer and more hopeless every year.

GOVERNOR SULZER ON ROADS

In Recent Message to New York Legislature He Laid Down Law in No Uncertain Terms.

Governor Sulzer of New York is a artesian wells. road booster of the right type. In his recent message to the New York tegislature he "laid down the law" to many who say they operate easily, with-the legislators in no uncertain terms, out griping and without bad after effects. pointed out defects in New York's road laws and pronounced the doom of the spoilsmen who had been fattening on the people's money, says the Southern Good Roads. In his ness and constancy which we seek in message he paid this great tribute to friendship is sincerity. For nothing

"We know that good reads, like good cero.

streets, make habitation along them most desirable; they enhance the value of farm lands, facilitate transportation, and add untold wealth to the producers and consumers of the country; they economize time, give labor a lift and make millions in money; they save wear and tear and worry and waste; they beautify the country and bring it in touch with the city; they aid the social and religious and educational and industrial progress of the people; they make better homes and happier firesides; they are the avenue of trade and the agencies of speedy communication; they mean the economical transportation of marketable products-the maximum burden at the minimum cost; they are the ligaments that bind the country together in thrift and industry and intelligence and patriotism; they promote social intercourse, prevent intellectual stagnation and increase the happiness and prosperity of our producing masses; They contribute to the greatness of the city and the glory of the country; give employment to our idle work men, distribute the necessaries of life-the products of the fields and the ferest and the factories-encourage energy and husbandry, inculcate love for our scenic wonders, and make mankind better and happier."

ANOTHER COOK BUT THE SAME

FEEDING THE

FIRE

FROM THE

ROLLER

BEARING

COAL PAN

GATHERED FROM THE STREAM

Some women die young, but more of them bleach.

Of course the Lord loveth a cheerful giver. Who doesn't?

A man must indeed be unpopular when even his barber cuts him.

In the school of experience there is always a little more to learn. Don't cross your bridge till you

come to it, and maybe it won't be It doesn't pay to be so busy making mone that you haven't time to make

friends. In the bright lexicon of the selfmade man there is no such word as

Would you say that a man was an extremist just because he makes both ends meet?

remorse.

The fellow who regards marriage as a joke will eventually discover that the joke is on him.

If it wasn't for a streak of cynicism in his makeup a man would never realize how happy he isn't.

When they are in love men make crazy promises, and women are cfazy enough to believe them.

Ever notice that a trolley car always makes its best time when you are running to catch it?

There must be a special halo in heaven for the man who tells the truth to the tax assessor.

We should all think twice before we speak, but it would have a mighty depressing effect upon conversation.

The average usher seems to inspire a doubt as to whether he belongs to the theater or the theater belongs to

It takes pluck to succeed in the stock merket. I have it on the auline connecting him with a market thority of a man, who has been

> Dyspepsia is America's curse. To restore digestion, normal weight, good health and purify the blood, use Burdock Blood Bitters. Sold at all drug stores. Price, \$1.00.

Irrigation in Australia. Australia is irrigating more than

two million acres of grazing lands with Donn's Regulets are recommended by

25c at all drug stores, Dally Thought. The foundation of that steadfast-

is steadfast which is insincere.-Ci-

GRANDMA'SPARROT

It Could Repeat the Lord's Prayer From Beginning to End, and Then Some.

By BRYANT C. ROGERS. Mr. Fred Derwent was twenty-four years old. He was referred to as young Derwent, in order not to mix him up with any old Derwent who might have reached the age of a hundred.

Young Derwent was called an artist. This was to distinguish him from the many house painters one saw at work every fine day.

He was an orphan, adopted and reared by his grandmother in Connecticut. She had much to answer for.

Young Derwent developed a talent for sketching with charcoal and chalk. At nine years old he could sketch a rooster so naturally that hens would gather around the picture and cluck. A year later he drew such a natural face of Elder Comstock on a barn door that his proud grandma had to pay a fine of \$10 to keep him out of

Young Derwent managed somehow to pull through until he was of age. Then, as it was apparent to all but other artists and a few scene painters that he he was a genius with the brush, he was sent to the city to set up a studio and blossom out. In the space of four years he painted three portraits. One was that of an alderman, who went to the state prison for graft within a week after his picture was finished; the second was that of a saloen keeper, whose wife eloped and took the picture with her, and the third was that of a bull-dog, who straight way went mad and bit his master and no one blamed him for it. with his brush he played poker, golf,

When young Derwent was not busy polo and attended ball games. He wasn't at all bad. He did not care particularly about going to heaven when he died, but it is simply impossible for one reared under the laws of Connecticut to be bad, even with a small "b."

Most artists fall in love at a tender age and keep it up till they strike 80. Young Derwent had never loved. He might sometime, but he wasn't betting on it. He was sociable, but did not seek to make himself popular. He was satisfied to go right along being Mr. Derwent and having his grandmother foot the bills.

In the next apartment to Mr. Derwent's studio dwelt Miss Honore Haswell. She didn't call her place an atelier or a studio, but her office. Her line was not mercantile or law, but literary. She wrote stories for the magazines. She read some of them to her intimate friends, but no one ever read one of them in cold type. It always happened that the magazines line whenever she' sent one in. If as he pleased without being misunderthey rejected a sporty story and she sat down and invented and sent in a religious one, it was the same excuse -overstocked.

Miss Haswell may have been an orphan or she may not. She may have had plenty of money, or she may have had to pinch. Be that as it may, she was no kicker. She piled her rejected manuscripts in a corner of her office as they came back.

Mr. Derwent and Miss Haswell were not acquainted. They used the same stairway, and often bumped against each other in the semi-darkness, but she had never simled at him, and he had never winked at her. They may have wondered about each other sometimes, but it stopped right there. Perhaps this was a wise thing on the part of both, but it is also to be remembered that there is such a thing as carrying wisdom too far.

One morning young Derwent awoke with a troubled conscience. A still small voice charged him with neglecting his grandmether. He hadn't been up to Connecticut to see her for three months, and it had been several weeks since he had written her that she might send an extra check. It wasn't using the dear old girl acording to Hoyle. She was drying apples and making soft soap, and he was loafing around. She was putting a second mortgage on her stony old farm and scraping the bottom of the flour barrel, and he was betting on the ponies and ordering fried eggs at the restaurant. He would take a run up among the wooden nutmegs and see her and assure her of his undying love and gratitude. Also, that he expected a commissica to paint a famous por-

trait. The grateful adopted went further. He would take up some little present to prove his thoughtfulness and consideration-not an expensive present, but a momento to be laid away in the archives after being rolled in camphor. After eating his breakfast he went strolling to see what he could find. He had almost decided on a celluloid back-comb, price twenty cents, when he met a sailor carrying a parrot on his arm

"Come to anchor, Jack Brace!" commanded the artist.

"Aye, aye, sir! It's a parrot just from Africa and I'll sell her cheap." "Shiver my timbers, but might she make a present for my grand mother?" "Mains'l haul, but you couldn't beat

it, matey. Your grandmother would prize the bird above rubies." "Can she talk?"

"She says the Lord's prayer three times a day and sings gospel hymns the rest of the time. She's ekal to a preacher boarding in the house. Reformed our whole crow, cepting the capting, on the run from Capetown." "She'd be company for an old wom-

an," mused the artist

"She'd never let an old woman see lonely minute. I don't see how they without 'em, 'cepting they can't find 'em to buy. Only a dollar for the

bird. What d'ye say?" Polly changed hands at the price, and thereby young Derwent had every reason to congratulate himself. He had bought a fine present at a bargain and he had provided religious company for his dear grandmother.

Polly was mute and humble. She did not even look into the countenance of her owner to see whether he was saint or sinner. A cage was bought for her and she was taken to the studio and placed on the window ledge. The next day she was to go up to Connecticut. Perhaps it was the words of young Dedwent, and perhaps it was the sight of Miss Haswell's head out of the window, that set the bird talking. Scarcely had its owner asked it please to favor him with the Lord's prayer when the answer came:

"You can go to -" Miss Haswell was looking right into Polly's eyes, and the word seemed intended for her. They hit like so many blows, and the laughter of the artist stung like a whip, although she knew that he didn't know she was there by her window. Having awakened to the business before her. Polly contin-

"Luff! Lud! Why in - don't you luff!"

"That's no Lord's Prayer that I ever heard before!" chuckled the artist. "Oh, the shame of it," exclaimed Miss Haswell as she changed color

several times in 14 seconds. "It's a lie!" from Polly. Young Derwent giggled as he thought of what his grandmother

would say. Miss Haswell doubled her fists and shut her teeth and took a resolution. "Hard over with your wheel you

The hall door of the studio was banged open, and Miss Haswell stood there with burning cheeks and an-

nounced: "Sir, I will have you arrested!" "But I have done nothing," was the

calm reply. "Your-your parrot!" "Bought him an hour ago. I didn't

teach him to swear, if he did swear." "You know he swore, sir-you know he did!" And Polly bowed her head in all humility and began on the Lord's

prayer and repeated it to the last word. Young Derwent looked up at the girl, and she stammered: "I- I thought -- thought it was

swearing. I most humbly beg your pardon. That evening they sat together in the parlor and discussed good and bad parrots, also good and bad magazine editors, also, good and bad portrait painters. Meanwhile the parrot swore softly to himself and muttered that he'd be - if some folks in this world weren't so mighty particular that they ought to get out of it and were overstocked with stories in her into that land where a bird could talk

> stood and vilified. The artist and the story writer liked each other. In time they discovered they were soul-mates. Later they

> were married. Polly went up the country and stuck to the Lord's prayer for a year. Then she changed off for the lore of the sea, and young Derwent's grandmother was found dead in her chair. The

shock had been too great for her. (Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

MOST USED VEGETABLE DRUG Cactus, According to Canvass of Physicians of This Country Leads

All the Rest. In an attempt to determine just which of the vegetable drugs are most utilized by the practicing physicians of the country, whether regular, eclectic or homoepathic, a comprehensive list was sent out to 20,000 practitioners.

Care was taken to exclude all specialists and to have every part of the United States represented. More than 10,000 answers were received. The drug leading the list was cactus, which, according to Clinical Medicine, was a genuine surprise.

The number of votes it received was 6,239. The next seven, in the order named, were hydrastine, aconite, galsemium, ipecac, digitalis, ergot and belladonna.

Cactus is a purified extract of a special variety of cactus plant growing in a certain soil in Mexico, and has to be taken from the plant at a certain stage.

Mixed Metaphors.

The British house of commons is never so amused as when a member is betrayed, in his enthusiasm, into a mixed metaphor. Mr. Balfour, some time ago, spoke of "an empty theater of unsympathetic auditors," while Lord Curzon remarked that "though not out of the wood, we have a good ship." Sir William Hart Dyke has told how Mr. Lowther "had caught a big fish in his net, and went to the top of the tree for it," while a financial minister assured the commons that "the steps of the government should go hand in hand with the interests of the manufacturer." And it was in the lords that the government was warned that "the constitutional rights of the people were being trampled upon by the mailed hand of au-

Some Queer Mixtures.

thority.

."My wife is learning to cook by cook book."

"The book must be full of typographical errors, judging by the way things turn out."